

We pick up the story with the Doctor and Martha on the run thru the hospital. The Judoon know he's not human and have jumped to the conclusion that he must be the alien they are looking for. The crowds of doctors and patients are slowing up their pursuit, but the Doctor knows he needs to give himself more time if he is to find the plasmovore and save himself. He skids to a halt by a side door leading to a soundproofed treatment room, takes Martha by the wrist and pulls her inside.

'You're not thinking of hiding in here?' asks Martha.

'Only temporary,' says the Doctor, looking round for a chair. 'Now, Martha, I wouldn't do what I'm about to do unless it was absolutely necessary. It doesn't mean anything, and I wish I could say it won't hurt a bit. But you can rest assured it will hurt me more than it hurts you.'

Martha shudders a little with unpleasant memories. 'You sound as if you're about to sp.....'

The words dry up as the Doctor unbuttons her pants and whisks them down, whilst in the same motion he sits down and puts her across his knee.

'Oh,' she says. 'You are...'

Then she takes it in: her bottom is upturned and defenceless, her polkadot panties on show... 'What do you think you're doing?' she protests. 'My trousers!'

'Oh, Martha, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.' And with that, he peels down her panties, leaving them an inverted white triangle on her thighs. Martha has no time to protest before the first stinging slap lands across her bare bottom, leaving a dark handprint on the skin.

'OWWWW!'

A second explosive smack rings out and Martha's bottom bounces at the impact of the Doctor's palm.

'OWWWWWWWWWWW!'

Grimly but efficiently, the Doctor lays another nine smacks evenly across her vibrating curves, while she wails and kicks ineffectually. Finally he snaps her panties back into position over her sore bottom and sets her on her feet. her pants still around her knees.

'What did you do that for? How dare you!' she protests.

'Sorry, Martha, no time. You go back and join the queue. I have a plasmovore to deal with!'

And with that he bounds out of the door and away. Martha fastens her pants, wincing as they tighten across her bottom. She checks that her panties aren't showing above the waistband, then leaves the room... and walks straight into the giant form of a Judoon.

'You will be scanned!' The rhino-beast plies its technology, and the handset emits an ominous beep. It summons another Judoon trailing a larger piece of equipment with a screen. 'Rescan!' Martha sneaks a look at the screen as the scanner beam slowly passes down her. It shows a rotating 3D simulacrum of her naked body, with a clear red glow on her bottom. She blushes, and wonders if that will show up on the scan too.

'Human, but with clear signs of recent nonhuman contact,' declares the second Judoon. 'Secure subject for questioning.' And as Martha hopes the interrogation won't involve her having to sit down anytime soon, we return to the televised story, in which she will eventually be called upon, with rather mixed feelings, to save the life of the stranger who spanked her...

We drop back in at the end as the Doctor is offering Martha a ride in the TARDIS. 'Just one trip, mind. To say thank you for saving my life, and sorry for spanking you.'

'Yes, well, there's one thing I don't understand, Doctor.'

The Doctor momentarily closes his eyes in silent resignation, and mutters, 'There usually is...'

'I totally get that you spanked me to transfer traces of your alien DNA onto my bottom and slow up the Judoon when they scanned me. Clever tactics.'

'Thank you,' says the Doctor. 'But...?'

'Why didn't you just kiss me instead?'